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MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

PRAYER.

The act of devotion, when it bursts freely from the natural feelings of religious duty, has the effect of composing the spirits, which have been harrassed by calamity. The sincere and earnest approach of the christian to the throne of the Almighty, teaches the best lesson of patience under affliction: since wherefore should we mock the Deity with supplications, when we insult him by murmuring under his decrees?—or how, while our prayers have in every word admitted the vanity and nothingness of the things of time in comparison to those of eternity, should we hope to deceive the Searcher of Hearts, by permitting the world and worldly passions to reassume their turbulent empire over our bosoms, the instant our devotions are ended? There have been, and perhaps are now, persons so inconsistent, as to suffer earthly passions to reassume the reins even immediately after a solemn address to Heaven; but the true christian is not of these. He feels himself comforted and strengthened, and better prepared to execute, or submit to whatever his destiny may call upon him to do or to suffer. [THE TALISMAN.]

The following excellent advice was given by the mother of the Chevalier BAYARD, to her son, when leaving his father's house to enter as a page into the service of Charles, duke of Savoy.

"Peter, my friend, you are going into the service of a noble prince; as much as a mother can command her child, do I command you three things, which, if you do, rest assured they will enable you to pass through this present life with honor. The first is that you love and serve God without offending him in any way, if it be possible for you. For it was he who gave us life, it was he who will save us, and without him and his grace, we should not have power to perform a single good work in this world. Reccommend yourself to him every morning and evening, and he will give you aid. The second is, that you be mild and corteous to all gentlemen, casting away pride. Be humble and obliging to every body. Be not a slanderer or a liar. Keep yourself temperate in regard to eating and drinking. Avoid envy—it is a mean vice. Be neither a flatterer nor a tale bearer, for people of this description do not usually attain to any high degree of excellence. Be loyal in word and deed. Keep your promises. Succour poor widows and orphans, and God will regard you. The third is, that you be bountiful of that God shall give you, to the poor and needy; for, to give for his honour's sake never made any man poor, and believe me my child, the alms that you shall dispense will greatly profit both your body and soul. This is all I have to charge you with, I believe that your father and I shall not live much longer; but God grant that whilst we do continue in life we may receive a good account of you."

FAITH.

I imprinted on my daughter, says Mr. Cecil, the idea of faith in God at a very early age. She was playing one day with a few beads, which seemed to delight her wonderfully; her whole soul was absorbed in the beads. I said, "My dear, you have some pretty beads there." "Yes, papa." "And you seem to be vastly pleased with them." "Yes papa." "Well now, throw them behind the fire." The tears started into her eyes: she looked earnestly at me, as though she ought to have a reason for such a cruel sacrifice. "Well my dear, do as you please; but you know I never told you to do any thing which I did not think would be good for you." She looked at me a few moments longer, and then summoning up all her fortitude, her breast heaving with the effort, she dashed them into the fire. "Well said I, there let them lie, you shall hear more about them another time, but say no more about them now."—Some days after, I bought her a box full of larger beads and toys of the same kind. When I returned home I opened the treasure and set it before her. She burst into tears with ecstacy. "Those my child said I, are yours, because you believed me when I told you it would be better for you to throw those paltry beads behind the fire. Now that has brought you this treasure. But now my dear, remember, as long as you live, what faith is. You threw away your beads when I bid you, because you had faith in me, that I never advised you but for your good. Put the same confidence in God. Believe every thing that he says in his word, whether you understand it or not, have faith in Him that he means only good."

CARTER'S LETTERS.

[FROM THE NEW-YORK STATESMAN.]

Naples, June, 1826.

Our visit to Vesuvius occupied the greater part of a day. Wishing to see the sun rise from the top of the mountain, we left Naples at one o'clock in the morning, taking a fiacre as far as the village of Portici, nearly half the distance of the seven or eight miles. At the hour of our departure, the skies were free from clouds, but suffused with redness giving to the moon and stars a sultry, fiery aspect. The city was for once found in a state of perfect silence, and the lazzaroni, who had no homes, snored quietly in their baskets. There was something peculiarly solemn in the hollow murmurs of the waves at this witching time of night. Not a person was seen moving, save the sentinels stationed along the road, who permitted us to pass without molestation.

On arriving at Portici, or more properly at Resina, a small contiguous village, we roused up Salvadore Madonna, the famous guide for the mountain, who rose with some reluctance, before he and his mules had been sufficiently refreshed by sleep from the labors of the preceding day. After rubbing open his eyes and taking an observation at the heavens, like old Palinurus, he said we had come too early, and had selected an unfortunate day, as the siroc was blowing, and the mountain would be covered with clouds. He would however accompany us, if it was our pleasure. Making due allowances for his wish to finish his morning nap, and fearing that circumstances might be equally unfavorable on another morning, we concluded to persevere in the excursion. The donkies, were saddled with all possible despatch, and our little caravan took up the line of march in total darkness, as the day had not yet dawned, and the moon had gone down. But Salvadore could probably perform the route blindfold, having been trained to it from childhood.

The path at first leads through a faubourg of the village, straggling for some distance up the acclivity, and thence crosses beds of lava, which came down in molten torrents and congealed in dark, shapeless, desolate masses, about which not a blade of verdure is to be seen. A more dreary, gloomy picture cannot be imagined. The belts are of the width of broad rivers sometimes a mile in breadth, extending from the cone to the margin of the bay, and in some instances, they have poured their burning streams into the water. There is much more asperity in the surface of the beds, than I expected to find. Protuberances five or six feet in height, and of the most fantastic shapes, are scattered over the hideous tracks, having nearly the same degree of roughness, that a torrent of water would assume on rolling down the hill, and freezing as it broke over the obstacles opposing its passage. The complexion and general appearance of the beds at a distance is not unlike that of a newly ploughed field, in a rude state, with a black soil.

About mid-way between Resina and the base of the Cone, stands the Hermitage, on a high ridge, which may emphatically be considered an Island, surrounded by broad torrents of lava on either hand. The solitary white house is kept by a monk, who affords refreshments to travellers. His tenement is furnished with a large bell, which he rings on every Sunday morning, and on other feast days, probably to let the world beneath him know that he is alive. At certain seasons, religious processions from Naples and the neighboring villages climb to the Hermitage, to celebrate the anniversaries of some of their saints. The brow of the hill in front of the house has been planted with trees, and a dozen little shrines have been erected in imitation of Mount Calvary. As we were in a great haste to reach the top of the Mountain, the morning dreams of the monk were not disturbed.

On leaving the Hermitage, the path winds along the spine of the ridge, bordered with verdure, which becomes extremely grateful amidst the solitary waste. The point of the Island soon terminates in other beds of lava, which extend to the foot of the Cone, and over which our donkies picked their way at a snail's pace, notwithstanding all our efforts to hasten them forward. For the greater part of the distance, the path is passable for horses, and Salvadore could not introduce an improvement more acceptable to travellers, than by substituting a better sort of animals in place of his jack-asses. It is much harder work to ride them than to climb the hill on foot. They are also very unsafe. One of our countrymen last winter was pitched thrice among the crags of lava, and came near breaking his neck.

To our inexpressible regret, on arriving at the base of the Cone, the predictions of the guide had proved true, and the whole hill was enveloped in a dense cloud, so that our horizon did not extend twenty feet in any direction. Here another question arose whether or not it was worth while to ascend farther under such circumstances. But perseverence carried us onward. Throwing aside our cloaks, and tying our donkies to lumps of lava, we plunged into the mist and commenced crawling up an aclivity, rising with an angle of about 45 degrees, and composed of cinders, ashes, and loose stones.—Fortunately, only a small portion of the toilsome heights could be seen in advance. Salvadore came panting after us, directing us not to walk so fast. The fatigues of the ascent appeared to us very much exaggerated; and to persons of ordinary activity, sedan chairs, belts about the loins, and pilgrim staves are an useless apparatus. Much less weariness was experienced than in climbing Mam Tor in Derbyshire Peak. The walk was accomplished in less than an hour and without resting but once. For the greater part of the way, the route leads up a furrow in the hill, into which stones have tumbled, forming a tolerable foothold. Smoke gushes out in sundry places along the way, and the hand cannot bear the heat of the surface.

On reaching the top at about 6 o'clock in the morning; we for a time abandoned all hope of being adequately compensated for our toil so far as it regarded a prospect. The crater was entirely filled with thick clouds, mingled with smoke, tumbling in broken volumes over the verge, and hanging in wreathes about the black crags. It was impossible for the eye to penetrate ten feet into the abyss, and the imagination was left to fathom its gloomy depth. Here we were involved in mist, and without cloaks.—Great difficulty was experienced in persuading the guide to wait an hour, with the hope of a change of weather. At length he consented, and finding a warm place under the rocks near one of the spiracula, he stretched himself out upon the cinders and finished his interrupted slumbers; while we amused ourselves in throwing stones in to the apertures to hear them rumble in the caverns below.—The vapor rising out of these crevices exactly resembles that issuing from a hot chimney or brick-kiln, and the hand is as soon scorched in coming in contact with it. A low, heavy, sullen sound of the subterranean furnaces is heard though less distinctly than at the solfatara.

After a sleepless night and the fatigues of the morning, nothing but intense curiosity kept us from following the example of our guide, and patience was nearly exhausted, when casting my eye towards the crater, I perceived a change in the aspect of the clouds. More of the abyss became every moment visible. The dark, ragged rocks forming the circumference and shooting up into rude shattered peaks, were developed one by one, till glimpses of the very bottom, at the depth of fifteen hundred or two thousand feet, alternately appeared and vanished. Soon the disk of the sun was seen through the mist "shorn of his beams." On turning to the outward verge of the crater, a scene was witnessed which wholly baffles description. The cloud had by this time become a thin semi-transparent vapor, shifted every instant by gentle currents of air, and as often varying the objects around us. With the suddenness of a flash of lightning in the night, the blue skies with fleecy clouds reposing in the horizon, the whole bay of Naples, its azure waters, its Islands, its white sails, the splendid circle of towns, and the green shores, spread like enchantment beneath the eye—and then a curtain of mist, swept by, involving all in obscurity, till the veil was again lifted by the winds. The feelings involuntarily sought relief in rapturous applause; and even Salvadore clapped his hands with as much enthusiasm, as he would at the exhibition of some grand spectacle in the theatre of San Carlo. In extent, grandeur, and picturesque beauty, the scenery far transcended the most splendid conceptions of the imagination. While standing with my back to the sun, my shadow was distinctly thrown several times upon a volume of cloud in front, with two perfect and valid concentric circles of rainbows three or four feet in diameter surrounding my head—a phenomenon entirely new to me.

At last every vestige of the vapor disappeared and left us in the full blaze of day. The crater was seen to the best advantage. It is about four miles in circumference, and in shape nearly circular. The brim is broken into deep rugged notches, fifty or a hundred feet deep, and bordered by the splintered fragments of the mountain, impending in rude crags over the abyss. This belt of rocks, exhibiting a frightful image of ruin extends about one third of the way down, and thence commences a region of loose cinders, sand, and ashes, sloping with a steep declivity to the bottom. Pieces of the cliffs are every moment dropping to the depths below, breaking the profound silence of the hill, and producing the most dreary sound imaginable. In the very apex of the inverted cone, there appeared to be a bed of solid rock of lava, filled with water, which reflected the rays of the sun with such intensity, that it was at first mistaken for some glittering mineral. Along the sides of the crater the smoke rises in a hundred different places, ascending in most cases gently, as if proceeding from smothered fires, and curling in wreathes round the projecting crags. The guide stated, that an unusual quantity was emitted on the day of our visit, owing to the prevalence of a southern wind.

It seems to be the general opinion, that the Volcano is in its old age, and that its combustible materials are nearly exhausted. So thought the inhabitants of Herculaneum and Pompeii, whose streets are paved with lava thrown out centuries before, and who were lulled into a fatal security by a temporary repose of the elements. Since that period not less than forty eruptions have taken place, covering all sides of the mountain with a mass of ruins, which would make a hill twice the size of the cone, and which prove that the torrents ejected must come from great depths in the earth. Incredible stories are told of the height to which the showers of fire and cinders are elevated, and of the distances to which they extend. Egypt, Syria, and Constantinople are said to have witnessed a rain of ashes during some of the eruptions, and the column is supposed to have ascended to the upper regions of the atmosphere, thirty or forty miles from the earth. Such tales are contrary to all the calculations of projectiles, and ourage belief.

The last eruption occurred in 1822, when about eight hundred feet of the top of the hill was taken off. Torrents of lava, twenty feet in depth, rolled about half way down the mountain, in the direction of the villages lining the shore, the inhabitants of which were in a state of the utmost terror, expecting to realize the fate of Herculaneum and Pompeii. It rained ashes for several days in the streets of Naples, and the air was so thick as to render candles necessary at noon day. The indications of a convulsion by a long course of observation have been clearly ascertained. Unusual quantities of smoke of a darker complexion than usual rise in the form of a wide spreading tree, the top of which reaches to heaven, and the column extending sometimes twenty miles in diameter. The waters of the bay retreat from the strand, as if absorbed into subterranean gulfs, to be emitted from the crater. A tremor is felt in the earth. These signs continued for a day or two, giving the populous district at the foot of the mountain warning of the impending calamity.—In 1822 the people clung to their property, their little all, to the last, and the police were obliged to tear them away. Thieves, disguised in female attire, seized the opportunity of plundering amidst the scene of confusion.

I walked about one third of the way round the crater, and should have completed the circuit, had not another cloud dashed against the mountain and again involved us in mist. Two English ladies, now at Naples, are making preparations to descend into the abyss, by means of ropes fastened to the cliffs.—Such an enterprize deserves little applause, since it is mere matter of heroism, and will probably not serve to extend the sphere of philosophical knowledge. The formation of the basin can be examined to as good advantage from the top as from the bottom. Having lingered something more than two hours on the top of the mountain, and examined its various aspects in the most satisfactory manner, we descended in a few minutes from the height, which it required a wearisome hour to climb.—In the course of the jaunt, I picked up among the embers the sole of a pretty shoe, which looked as if might have been thrown out by the volcano. Thinking that old Empedocles* might, according to his doctrine of transmigration, have been once more changed into a girl, and the proofs of his mortality again discovered in the fragments of a slipper. I added the relic to Salvadore's museum, although he did not seem to appreciate its value.

In recrossing the beds of lava, our guide relieved the tedium of the way, by giving an account of the remarkable personages, whom he had conducted to the top of Vesuvius. Baron Humboldt has ascended four times for the purpose of making philosophical experiments. All the Bonapartes save Napoleon, have been among the number of visitants.—The Emperor of Austria, the late Princess Charlotte of England, and many of the sovereigns of Europe, have been carried up in sedans—a species of cruelty, which to a person of any feeling, must more than counterbalance the pleasure. Count Bergami and the late Queen Caroline must not be forgotten in the enumeration of nobility. They went up together, and are said to have been enamored of the smothered flames. Tradition is silent whether the cavalier put his shoulder to the sedan, or was himself carried in state.

On our return to Resina, we examined the Museum of Salvadore, which contains mineralogical specimens of the whole region in the vicinity of Vesuvius. Cases containing full suites, are neatly put up, and kept for sale at reasonable prices. While breakfast was preparing, a cicerone conducted us through the ruins of Herculaneum, buried seventy feet beneath the villages of Resini and Portici. The entrance through long, dark, and intricate avenues, render the use of tapers necessary from the very threshold of the descent, Instead of the bright skies which once canopied the ancient city, its firmament is now composed of a solid bed of lava, and the rumbling of carriages is now heard on the road above. The excavations are very circumscribed, and the ruins are too imperfectly developed to afford much interest.—Treasures to an unknown extent yet remain to be opened, and as the surface is thickly covered with modern buildings, among which is the King's palace, ages may elapse before the whole will be explored.

The ancient theatre is at present the only object which attracts the attention of the traveller. Its proportions, its benches, its entrances, and its ornaments, even to the red stucco upon the walls, are distinctly seen. The corridors are surrounded by a suite of apartments, which were probably the coffee-houses and lounges of the audience.—But I will not dwell on this topic, having a long story of the same kind to tell of a sister city, overwhelmed by a common calamity, and much more fully laid open to observation.

* This philosopher and disciple of Pythagoras contended, that he had successively appeared on earth in the forms of a girl, a boy, a bird, a fish, and last of all Empedocles.—He secretly threw himself into the crater of Ætna, wishing to pass for a god; but an eruption ejected his sandal, and was the means of exposing his unfounded claims to divine honors

DEFERRED ARTICLES.

MURDER AT SCHENECTADY.—On Sunday morning about 2 o'clock, a most atrocious murder was committed about half a mile from the Schenectady, on the Troy road, by two brothers named Van Alen on a person named Garrit Steers. The deed was perpetrated at a house of ill fame, and it is said grew out of a quarrel about a girl who lived there. The Van Alens beat Steers till he fell to the ground, when he plead in the most moving terms, that they would save his life, but the unfeeling men paid no attention to his prayers, and violently jumped on his breast till life was destroyed. One of the murderers soon after surrendered himself and made confession; the other attempted to escape, but he was arrested on Sunday night. The girl is also in jail on suspicion of being an accessary.—*Albany D. Adv.*

The Guests of the Corporation on the 4th July—The Corporation had for guests on the 4th, the ex-members of the board, and the Society of the Cincinnati, together with the foreign Consuls, numbers of the military, a few strangers of distinction. It is gratifying to witness the habitual respect of our corporation towards the officers of the Revolution. On all public occasions the Cincinnati are the honored guests of the Corporation, and treated with courtesy and attention as creditable to the entertainers as it is gratifying to the entertained. Could the members of our two houses at Washington be animated with one tenth part of the spirit which has so long been exhibited by our Corporation towards these veterans, ingratitude and injustice would cease to stain our national character.—*Morn. Chron*

MORE INDIAN TROUBLES.—We extract the following information respecting the Creek Indians, from the Macon Messenger of Tuesday last.

By a person direct from the new

countries in this State, where he had been informed on the subject, we learn, that there yet prevails a rebellious spirit among the Indians, who are determined not to surrender the land beyond what is called the new treaty line—That they decline any further negotiation for the land embraced by the old and not by the new treaty—and that the money appropriated by Government for them is refused to be received.—In consequence of these unexpected proceedings, we learn, that Mr. Crowell has, or will immediately proceed to Washington, to make a full representation of the case. It is also stated to us, that the Cherokee chief *Ridge*, is in the Creek nation, encouraging the views which have been manifested by the Creeks. Mr. Crowell is said to have expressed to the Indians the impropriety of their conduct, and warned them of the consequences. We have heard of no obstacles to emigrants to this, or any other part of the new countries, from the Indians.

Savannah Georgian.

4TH JULY SENTIMENTS.

The following *sentiments* offered on the Birth Day of our Country's Independence, have been selected from numerous others:

AT WRENTHAM, (MASS.)

John Quincy Adams, the illustrious statesman. Andrew Jackson, the Hero of New-Orleans. May the detractors of either fatten like the viper that feeds on the file.

The surviving Soldiers of the Revolution—the remnant of that immortal band, who triumphed over themselves in the dark hour of their country's poverty, when their forbearance of personal redress was her only salvation. Heaven forbid that that country, now rich, should grudgingly withhold the scanty pittance necessary to redeem her justice.

The opposition to the National Administration—Predicated upon the sublime principle of Major Connell O'Dunlop. And what can that be? Why I shall go home and say to Jenny, have you watered the gray *mare?* and if she will say nay, then I shall say, and why hav'nt you done it? And so I shall be after *bating* her: but and if she will say yea, and then I shall say, and why did you do it without my *lave?* And then I shall be after *bating* her. So, by the holy Saint Patrick, Jenny will have *a bating*, that she will.

The fair—A most pleasing paradox—the more closely they bind us, the more freedom we enjoy.

AT NEW BEDFORD.

John Quincy Adams—He has shown himself the *magistrate* of the *whole people*, may the emphatic voice of a *whole people* pronounce his re-election to the Magistracy.

The next Congress—May its members spin *fewer yarns* and not send their wits a *woolgathering*.

AT TAUNTON.

The survivers of the Revolution—May the age and infirmities which close and sanctify a life of virtue, protect it from poverty and reproach.

AT GLOUCESTER.

The American Fair—Who to elegance and refinement of manners, add the less brilliant but alike valuable qualities which give to domestic life its peculiar charms.

The President of the United States, and the heads of the Departments—Actuated by as pure motives to preserve, as our fathers were to obtain our independence.

AT PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

The President of the United States—The able fellow laborer of Jefferson, Madison and Monroe—their worthy successor to the confidence and highest honors of the people.

The Secretaries of State, Treasury, War, and Navy—They have to pay largely of the tax, which slanderers always levy upon the great and good. To their abusers may be said—

"Bark at the moon, ye senseless dogs of night;
"She neither heeds your howl, nor shines less bright."

The Fifty Thousand Jackson Fund—a leaven; it has caused a fermentation in our political body, throwing off its corrupt elements, and showing the predominating purity of the system.

Andrew Jackson—As lovers of the defenders of our country, we appreciate his talents as a General; we accord to him our gratitude and our thanks for his military achievements; *but further say not.*

AT HALLOWELL.

By Hon. P. Sprague, President of the day—The Patriots of '76—Their breath kindled a *flame* which dissolved the ties which bound us to Britain—and whose brightness has irradiated South America—and whose fervent heat we trust will yet *melt down* the iron thrones of despotism throughout the world.

AT NEW-HAVEN, CONN.

The President of the United States—deserving the confidence of his country, may he again be the people's choice.

AT NEW-GLOUCESTER.

Duellists—While they are so ready to vindicate their own injured honor, may they remember honor is due to Him who has said "Thou shalt not kill."

Amalgamation—Political partizans have each but one string of the fiddle, and while they thrum that, only produce discord. True concord is the effect produced by the master's hand, when every string contributes to the general harmony.

State of Maine—Her iron bound coasts have good harbors, and her woody vales and hills shelter firm hearts.

Old Bachelors—Let our Governor lead the way and they will follow after.

The Canada Road—Evil communications corrupt good manners.

Amalgamation—Fearful and wonderful.—Fearful lest two unnatural sounds produce discord. Wonderful that two discordant sounds produce harmony

AT BOSTON.

The President of the United States—Clear *granite*, like the *Rock of Quincy*, on which he is founded, steadfast and immoveable.

The President of the United States—*Better* than *granite*, because it does not split in the *fire* of persecution.

The National Administration—Like good steel, the harder it is rubbed the brighter it shines.

Henry Clay—The Patriot and Statesman—His integrity is impeachable. His public services will long be remembered by the republicans of Massachusetts.

Agriculture, Commerce and Manufactures—The pillars which support and adorn the fabric of our independence.

General Jackson—An excellent soldier—every man to his trade.

AT BRISTOL.

Albion K. Parris, the able indefatigable public servant—His untired zeal in the public service will not be without its reward.

AT NEW-BEDFORD.

By Capt. Gordon, an officer of the revolution—The *majority* of *that Congress*, who, "feeling power and forgetting right," struck off from the Pension List, the *provident*, the *prudent*, and the *industrious* surviving officers and soldiers of the revolutionary army; but continued the boon to the *idle*, the *intemperate*, and the *profligate!*—may their names be held in 'everlasting remembrance,' and descend down to the latest posterity, coupled with Jereboam, the son of Nebat, who 'sinned himself, and caused Israel to sin.'

AT FRAMINGHAM.

Amalgamation—Like the Paddy's beverage; two gills of whiskey mixed together.

The old Political Parties—A pair of oxen *badly mated;* but now grown so much alike, that nobody can tell which is the *off-ox.*

MASONIC.

The festival of St. John the Baptist was pretty generally observed, we have made a selection of some of the sentiments given on that day in different places, from the *Masonic Mirror.*

AT BILLERICA.

The Masonic Temple—Its foundation is the Rock of Ages; its plan universal Benevolence—May the *work* prosper until the roughest stones in the quarry shall adorn it.

The Fair Sex—"The Lily-work, the Network, and Pomegranate" of our land—May they soon be seen to adorn those capitols, and be the capital ornaments of those living pillars, Old Bachelors.

The Plains of Massachusetts—The glorious *tressleboard* on which was drawn by the heroes of '76 those masterly designs from which was reared the Royal Arch of our National Independence.

AT NEWTON.

The Twenty-fourth of June—*Sanctified* by the *Nativity* we commemorate; as it was in the *beginning*, so be it *now*, *henceforth* and *forever.*

The *Temple* this day *consecrated* to the service of God and humanity; may it never be *deescrated* by the *entrance* of any *unholy* thing.

The Order of the Day—Internal Improvements, Physical, Mental, Moral, and *Matrimonial;* may he or she, who refuses to unite heart and hand in the sentiment, speedily be posted.

The Enemies of our Institution—To *nine* tenths of them *more light*, to the other tenth, more honesty!

Amalgamation—to all honest *men* and *women.*

[*From the National Ægis.*]

AT WESTMINSTER.

The following sentiment was given by Mr. Thomas:

The Light of Masonry, which arose in the East, and has formed a grand Constellation in the West—May every Lodge be a brilliant Star, and every Brother be illuminated by its rays, to guide him through life, in the paths of rectitude, probity and honor.

And followed by this:

Our past Grand Master, Br. *Isaiah Thomas*—The distinguished friend of Masonry and patron of printing—*his works* will long remain the best evidence of his eminence and success in each.

The following sentiment was presented to the *sisters* assembled to commemorate the day:

The Fair—Protected in their rights by the religion of our God, the laws of our country, and the principles of our order.

And reciprocated in the following reply:

Relying on such protection, and following *such leaders*, we *will fear no danger.*

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

SALEM, July 12.

LATEST FROM GUAYAQUIL.

Extract of a letter received in this town, from Guayaquil, dated April 18, 1827.

"I wrote you a few days ago the particulars of some recent military movements in this quarter. It now appears that the object of the troops from Callao (at least the avowed object) is to overturn the authorities in Colombia invested with extraordinary powers, and restore the constitutional authorities. Through the agents of the Commander of these troops a complete revolution has been effected here, and all the chiefs appointed by Bolivar have been compelled to leave the city and embark on board a Brig of War in the river. Gen. La Mar has been chosen by the municipal authorities as military and political chief, and the choice could not have fallen on a more popular or worthy man. He is mild, firm, and honest.

"This change was effected on the night of the 15th and 16th inst. and so quietly, that few persons in the City knew it until morning—not a drop of blood was spilt. [It was a revolution by power rather than opinion.]

"The politics of this country are so intricate, and sometimes inexplicable, that I despair of making my letters intelligible to you—for the present. I have no time to relate more. Let not these events cause any alarm for my safety—there is no danger.

"The troops are expected here daily, and will be received now as friends."

From the New-York Mercantile Advertiser, July 10.

FROM ENGLAND.—We are favored with the Glasgow Evening Post, of June 2, received by the Nimrod. It contains the London news of May 31st, one day later than before received.

The subject of the State of the Nation, was to be brought before Parliament early in June.

Much distress continues to prevail among the poor Irish. Seven bags of flour were taken from carts passing in the road, near Dublin, by a party of half starved wretches, consisting of about thirty men and seventy women and children. The bags were immediately ripped open, and the women and children filled their aprons, hats, &c. Some of the children began to eat it most ravenously.

Mr. James, author of the British Naval History, died in London, May 28th, leaving his widow "entirely destitute of funds, friends and connexions, she being a native of the West Indies."

The Capt. and Officers of the English East India Company's ship Orwell have gratefully acknowledged essential assistance rendered to that vessel at sea, by the ship Panther, Capt. Bowers, of Providence.

The present Attorney General of England, in a speech relative to the Chancery Court, delivered on the 22d of May last, observed that there were then six thousand certificated attornies in the country, each making, on an average, a thousand pounds sterling a year by his profession.

Measures to regulate marriages in a better manner in Scotland, and to get rid of the disgraceful Gretna Green practices, have been suggested in the British House of Lords.

A petition was laid on the table of the House of Commons, praying that measures may be adopted to put an end to the practice of burning widows, and offering up other human sacrifices in British India.

The House of Commons, May 31st, was left sitting in debate on a bill to repeal *one* of the newspaper stamp acts.

DEDICATION OF THE NEW SYNAGOGUE.—The new Synagogue, in Elm-street built by the German and Polish Jews, was dedicated by divine service on Friday afternoon. The building is about fifty feet front and and sixty feet deep, having a colonade, supported by four columns, the whole surmounted with a neat Gothic steeple. A row of pillars supports the gallery, which has a railing of carved mahogany. The reading desk, or pulpit, which stands in the centre, facing the east, is likewise of mahogany, enclosed within a railing of fret work The ark for the reception of the law is large and circular, of curled maple and mahogany, with a dome, supported with Ionic columns, with caps and bases.—The ten commandments in front are of raised golden letters on white marble, supported by gold cornucopias. In front of the holy receptacle of the law hangs a rich curtain of blue satin, elegantly embroidered with Hebrew inscriptions—the interior of the ark, which opens with sliding doors, being lined with the same materials. The centre chandelier, together with four smaller ones and clusters of astral lamps over the gallery, with the candelabras, are richly finished with bronz and gold, the whole being splendid and in good taste.

The service commenced at 4 o'clock by the Rev. Mr. Peixotto, of the Mill-street Synagogue, and Rev. Mr. Hart. The choir in the gallery chaunted the dedicatory psalms, and the grand portal was thrown open, and the sacred rolls of the Pentateuch encased in rich satin envelopes, surmounted with silver bells, were brought in under a canopy of crimson velvet, and were carried in procession round the synagogue several times—the choir, accompanied with instrumental music, singing the customary psalms. An English discourse was then delivered by Mr. Henry Hendricks—the orator, in an impressive manner, taking a rapid sketch of Jewish history—the sufferings and proscriptions of the nation, terminating with just encomiums on the liberal institutions of our country. A descendant of the High Priests of the temple drew down the lamp suspended before the ark and lit the wick, which is to burn perpetually, and the laws of Moses were then deposited, and the Sabbath evening service commenced. The Synagogue was crowded with the two congregations. His Honor the Mayor, Judges, Magistrates, and Clergy, being present.

It is upwards of a century since the Mill-street congregation was established, and few, if any, of the congregators then resided above Wall-street.—The increase of the city has left few families in that neighborhood, and this, with the great increase, and the continued arrivals from the continent of Europe, rendered it necessary to erect a new temple—the form of prayers of the Polish and German Jews being somewhat dissimilar to those of the Portuguese.

The new building is highly creditable to the president, trustees, and members of the congregation, many of them having but recently arrived in the country, leaving the despotism and intolerance of the old world for the enjoyment of the equal liberty and equal law of the new, and particularly of this government. The liberal constitutions of the U. States, and the facilities open to enterprize, and which have been constantly spread before the Jews in a special and forcible manner, have tended to promote a better state of things among them in Europe, and have led to the adoption of mild ordinances and new privileges, with a view of preventing imigration; still, the self-augmenting population, together with emigration, will, in a few years, make them powerful in numbers, and add zealous, faithful, and enterprizing citizens to the republic—*Noah's Enquirer.*

MONTPELIER, (Vt.) July 10.

AVALANCHE.—A gentleman of Fayston, in whose veracity the most implicit reliance may be placed, has obligingly furnished us with the following account of an Avalanche of earth, or slide of the mountain, in Lincoln, Addison County, on the 27th ult. occasioned by the late abundant and almost incessant rains:

On the 30th of June, I went, in company with 16 of my neighbors, to visit the spot so singularly marked by Providence which I am now about to describe. I found the slide to commence near the top of the mountain, between two large rocks, which were stripped of earth, opening a passage of four rods wide, from which it proceeded a southeasterly direction, gradually widening for the distance of 200 rods, to the south branch of mill brook in Fayston. In its course it swept every thing in its way; overturning trees by their roots; divesting them of roots, branches and bark, often breaking them in short pieces A number of rocks were moved some distance judged to weigh from 15 to 20 tons. From where it entered mill brook, its course was a northeasterly direction 280 rods, the natural course of the brook, which was very small; but the channel, cut by this freshet, is now from 2 to 10 rods in width; and on either side are large quantities of floodwood, piled up in many places very high; and from 15 to 20 rods of the lower part it is blocked up across the channel in every direction. Some of the trees are standing on their tops, and generally stripped of roots, branches and bark, and broken into many pieces. The pile in some places is 10 feet high. Much of the timber is apparently buried several feet in sand and mud. One large birch tree was broken off square, measuring 3 feet and 9 inches where it was broken. One black ash was literally pounded into a broom, whose brush is 7 feet long. The whole distance of these ravages is a mile and a half, and the quantity of land thus suddenly metamorphosed into a barren waste, is 25 acres. The force of water must have been very great, at which we cannot wonder, when we consider the probable depth of the water. In some places, from appearances, it must have been 30 feet high. Some of the trees on the sides of the channel were barked 30 or 40 feet high, and mud on them at that height.

T. B.

ST. LOUIS, Missouri, June 14.

We are informed by a gentleman recently arrived from St. Peters, of a most bloody affair that took place a few days before he left A party of Chippewa Indians, with their families, had encamped under the walls of Fort Snelling, where they were approached in a most treacherous manner, and fired on by a party of Sioux, by which eight of the Chippewas were found wounded—three mortally.

A detachment was immediately ordered out from the Fort by Col. Snelling, which succeeded in bringing back a number of the Sioux as hostages, four of whom were delivered to the chippewas, who, after shooting them, cut and mangled the bodies in the most brutal manner.

BUTTS COUNTY, (Geo.) June 11.

FRESHET.—The Towaliga rose higher by 15 feet than it was ever known to rise before, and the rapidity of the current was so great it bore away every house that was situated on or near its banks, dwelling houses, store houses, mills, &c. were seen floating down the stream in one promiscuous assemblage, presenting to the eye of the spectator, a scene of desolation. The crops have been materially injured in many parts of the country, and some lives lost; two men, one by the name of Daniel and the other Scott, were drowned in attempting to cross over the Towaliga.

Four men, whose boat was upset in the freshet, climbed trees, where they remained from Thursday at 9 A. M. till Saturday at 1 P. M. before they were relieved. Two of them were Revolutionary soldiers.

The following paragraph is copied from the the Montreal Courant of Wednesday last:

"The Hon. Col. J. Ramsay, brother of His Excellency the Governor in Chief has lately arrived with despatches to his Excellency from England. We understand that immediately upon his reaching the Governor, a messenger was sent to summon the attendance of the Solicitor General, and the whole party are to proceed forthwith to Quebec, to examine the despatches. It is rumored, but we give it as a rumor, that the despatches contain instructions of His Excellency to take away the constitution hitherto enjoyed by this country, and to place it under the control of the Governor and council; which measure, it is said, was occasioned by the difficulties which constantly distract the Provincial Parliament. It is not very probable that this report is correct; for as the Constitution was granted to this country by act of Parliament, we presume it could only be taken away by one—unless there was a proviso in the act by which it was granted, that if it proved not well suited to the country it might be taken away. Certain it is, that the despatches contain something of importance to the country, and probably will put at rest the existing difficulties, which we should not regret. It is certain that a strong military force is coming out to this country, for what purpose we cannot divine."

PLACES OF WORSHIP IN LONDON.—Episcopal churches and chapels, 300; Independent chapels, 66; Wesleyan Methodist do. 36; Baptist do. 32. Calvanistic Methodist do. 30; Presbyterian (Scotch and Unitarian) do 16; Roman Catholic do. 14; Quaker's meetings, 6—Total, 500. Calculating the average attendance at 500, and that one in three only can be present at divine service on account of age, sickness, &c. the number of persons provided with accommodation in that way in London will amount to no more than six out of every thirteen of the inhabitants! The churches of the Establishment are calculated for only three out of every thirteen!

MEXICO.—A war has broke out between the Mexican government and the warlike tribe of Camanche Indians. The Mexicans have garrisoned Labadie, with 700 men; and about 4000 troops are expected at the Rio Grande—the cavalry are to come by land. A cordon of troops are to be stationed along the river Sabine, to prevent all communication with the Indians and the United States.

Opelousas Gaz.

GEORGE NEEDHAM, whose commitment to prison in this town was noticed in our last, on the afternoon of Sunday, together with another prisoner, was liberated by the dexterity of a servant girl in the family of the jailer The keys of the prison were purloined by the girl, in the absence to church of Capt. Bradley, the keeper, and the prisoners released, with whom she absconded taking sundry articles of wearing apparel belonging to the family. A close pursuit commenced, and on Monday night Needham and the girl after having lain concealed one day and night were waylaid and apprehended in Hampden, and recommitted in this town amidst the congratulations of the populace. There are many reasons for believing, that Needham is connected with a gang of of scoundrels scattered through the country; the chivalrous heroine of this story had been employed at the jail after Needham's confinement there, and has acknowledged a previous acquaintance with him.—It is believed she had been sent on by his comrades to assist in his liberation.—The public are cautioned to be on the look out.—*Eastern Repub.*

MOBILE, June 18.

BLACKS.—A nest of runaway negroes was discovered last week in the fork of the Alabama and Tombeckbee Rivers, by a party from the upper end of Mobile county, consisting of Messrs. Dupree Joseph Johnson, Jno. Johnson, Rain, Reaves, and some others. The negroes were attacked, and after a very severe action they were conquered. Three negroes were shot, viz.: *Bust*, *Hector*, and *Hal;* several were taken prisoners and others escaped. They had two cabins, and were about to build a Fort. The encampment is probably broken up entirely. Some of these negroes have been runaway several years, and have committed many depredations on the neighboring plantations. They fought desperately, but do not appear to have hurt the whites. We have only time at present to give the above.

BUFFALO, July 6.

A sad accident, occurred in this village, at the firing of a salute in the park, which cast a shade over all the pleasures of July 4. While in the act of ramming home a cartridge, it took fire, and the charge severely injured Mr. George Caskey and Mr. John Ledson. The hand of the first was blown to a considerable distance: and one of Mr Ledson's arms was so much mangled as to require amputation. It is believed, although severely wounded, they are not in present danger. Both of these unfortunate men have families.

NEW-HAVEN, July 10.

HAIL STORM.—Late in the afternoon of the 5th inst. a part of the town of Orange, (adjoining New-Haven,) was visited by a very severe hail storm. The stones were very large, and perhaps for a mile in breadth fell to the depth of two inches. The corn, rye, &c. was completely cut down—the unripe apples and peaches were stripped from the trees; and thousands of panes of glass were broken in the houses.—Next morning heaps of hail lay upon the earth. At one place, in a hollow formed by two steep banks, the stones had washed and lodged against the fence and weeds in such quantities that, at 10 o'clock next morning, there was a body of them 10 inches in thickness, exposed to the direct rays of the sun. A gentleman brought half a bushel of them to the city, and two or three cart loads might be taken up from the same spot. It was presumed that a part of this body of ice would remain undissolved during the day.—*New-Haven Register.*

DEATH BY LIGHTNING.—During the thunder storm on Thursday afternoon last, a young man by the name of Henry Miller, aged about 18 years, son of Mr. Ebenezer Miller, was killed by lightning in the town of Farmington, (Northington Society.) We understand the deceased, and his father, were at work in the field, and on the approach of the storm retired to a tree for shelter—the lightning struck the tree, instantly killed the son, and prostrated the father, who was taken up for dead, but has since partially recovered. The practice of taking shelter under trees during thunder storms is very common, and is often attended with fatal consequences.

American Mercury.

INFANTICIDE.—A new born infant was found on the flats at Leechmere Point, near Craige's Bridge, early on Monday morning. A coroner's inquest was held, and the verdict was that the child came to its death by strangling or drowning

R. Palladium.

THE OBSERVER.

NORWAY, THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1827.

The following is the arangement of the Probate Courts for the County of Oxford, which we publish for the *benefit* of *our* subscribers:

At the Probate Office in *Paris*,
on the Fourth Tuesday in August,
" " Third Tuesday in October,
" " First Tuesday in January,
" " First Tuesday in March,
" " Fourth Tuesday in May,
" " Fourth Tuesday in June;

At *Waterford*—on Monday preceding the First Tuesday in August—& on Monday preceding the Third Tuesday in January;

At *Fryeburg*—on the First Tuesday in August, Third Tuesday in January;

At *Rumford*—on Monday preceding the third Tuesday in September;

At *Dixfield*— on the Third Tuesday in September;

At *Canton*—on Wednesday following the Third Tuesday in September;

At *Livermore*—on the Thursday following the Third Tuesday in September;

At *Turner*—on Friday following the Third Tuesday in September.

REPRESENTATIVES FOR PENOBSCOT AND SOMENSET.—At the recent trial for Representative to Congress in this District

Hon. William D. Williamson had	1463
Gen. Jedediah Herrick	910
Joseph Carr, Esq.	638
John Wilkins, Esq.	326
Daniel Wilkins	147
Hon. David Kidder	114
Hon. Obid Wilson	107
Simeon Harriman, (self-nominated,)	61

So that no person received a majority of the votes. The second Monday in September is appointed for the next trial.

BEAUTY.—At the recent celebration of Independence at Lynn, twenty-four young maidens dressed in white, with wreaths of *real* roses upon their heads, walked in the procession, they were divided into *two* sections, the first consisting of *thirteen*, bearing a white silk banner on which were the words "ORIGINAL STATES," the other of *eleven* bearing also a banner with the words "NEW STATES"—the sight was no doubt *beautiful*.

AN IMPROVEMENT IN DUELLING.—It is stated in the Philadelphia papers, that that a *Captain* and *Mate* of a vessel lying at one of the wharves in that city, fought a duel with AXES, the paper also states that "they hacked one another in fine style"—no doubt they would have concluded the business, had not the *spectators* stopped their *fun*.

The following *gentle* jog to some few of our subscribers, who are in arears for the "OBSERVER," for two years or upwards, we hope will be sufficient, without any further notice; it may be read upwards of two thousand different ways—beginning at the letter P in the centre:

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retnirPehtyaythePrinter
retnirPehtyaPaythePrinter
retnirPehtyaythePrinter
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞The Lines addressed to A**e, will appear in our next.

☞The Lines of ADOLESCENS have been received.

COMMUNICATION.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Mr. BARTON,—I observe, in your last number, that the attention of the County is called to the subject of Senatorial Nomination. I am sensible that the usage of the County is in favor of a convention of delegates for this object; but at this election, I should apprehend, that such convention would be unnecessary. We were well and ably represented the last year by the Hon JOHN GROVER and REUEL WASHBURN, Esquires.—They have served us but one term, and they do not decline a re-election. Unless an influence should prevail, which ought not to be presumed, no meeting fairly called and honorably conducted, but would return their names to the electors. Why then, I would ask, should there be a convention at this busy season?—I merely wish to make this suggestion; I am but an individual, and possibly may differ from many of my fellow-citizens. That course which will be most satisfactory to the election, and most conduce to the peace and unanimity of the County, will be sincerely a quiesced in by me.

AN ELECTOR.

It is more and more apparent to every thinking person that the PUBLIC FEELING throughout a majority of the States is not in accordance with the opposition; and that a marked majority of the people will not countenance "*the unprincipled opposition*" in the violence with which they have and still aim to oppose the national government, and that merely because they and their friends have no hand in the administration of it. By the sentiments expressed in toasts in the late celebrations, that good sense, just sentiments, and generous feelings have been awakened by the dictatorial language of the opposition. Every day developes some of the mysteries of iniquity, some of the insidious works of darkness. The letter written by General Jackson to Mr. Beverley will probably lead to the exposure of the calumnies against Mr. Clay, and to the honor of truth.

The reaction consequent to an outrageous opposition to the administration is not far distant.—It is showing itself various ways, and is spreading from the most intelligent to the least so. The infatuation of a people for a favorite military leader is like that of a lover for an ugly woman, when once he opens his eyes, he wonders what the devil bewitched him. It is the glittering conqueror that has dazzled reason and led patriotism captive in all ages. But we are very confident that the delusion cannot spread in a majority of these States. New-England is proof against it. So long as the country enjoys peace and prosperity, so long as she is enabled to pay off her public debt, and so long as she is free from abuses at home, and so long as she maintains her high character abroad, the people must be devoid of sense as well as of gratitude to wish for a change of rulers.

It is to the credit of New-England, that the people are entirely satisfied on this head. There has been no period from the first establishment of the constitution wherein the people have been more satisfied with the administration of the government, and with the general state of things, than at this period of the celebration of our Independence. The voice of opposition is not heard amongst us. Discontent, if it any where exists, is mute through despair. The people see that the clamor has been raised too high, and that the opposition has been too violent for the cause alleged. They see that the alarmists have cried the wolf! the wolf! too often, and they are no longer regarded. Truth in its slow and steady march is overcoming its enemies, and the friends of order, good morals, and sound principles of government in distant States may rely on the progress of all New-England in that way in which Washington led and Adams and Jefferson followed.—*Bost. Patriot.*

An account in the Philadelphia Aurora, of various accidents in water frolics on the Delaware on the 4th inst. by the sudden storm of that day, has the following finale.

"We conclude the chapter of accidents with one of a more joyful nature. While Capt. Limer, of the sloop Hiram, with his wife and company, were enjoying an aquatic excursion in front of the fort, they were suddenly, and rather unexpectedly, joined by a little stranger, who, without loss of time, tried his weak voice in praise of the day. They called him Hiram, after the name of his birth-place. The lady was speedily removed to more comfortable quarters, and is doing well, considering the strange events of the day.

If the lady cannot keep a better reckoning she ought never to go to sea.—The Captain, too, cannot be very good at an observation.

GOV. DESHA.—The last Ky. Reporter gives the following account of the pardon of the notorious Desha.

"We understand that Gov. Desha has pardoned his son Isaac. The power to grant pardons before conviction, though questionable, has been repeatedly asserted and exercised by former Governors of Kentucky, and perhaps other states. The whole of the late term of Harrison Circuit Court was devoted to this case.—Nine jurors only were obtained on the last day—the prisoner having exercised, to the extent of the law, the privilege of peremptory challenge. The Judge refused to renew the recognizances of his sureties, or again liberate the prisoner on bail, in consequence, we presume, of the state of his health not requiring such indulgence. The Governor being present when the Judge remanded his son Isaac to jail, addressed the people in a speech of considerable length, and concluded by reversing the order of the Court, and setting his son at liberty. We are not informed of any form observed by his Excellency, except the speech, in which it is said he treated the Court with great indignity.

Letter from Carthagena, June 10.

By the last advices from Bogota, it appears that part of the Colombian army in Peru, who were engaged in the late revolt, have again joined the Bolivar party; they have seized the authors of the late rebelion, and sent them, prisoners, to Gen. Florez. The Congress, at Bogota, was deliberating on the resignation of Bolivar, which, in all probability, will not be excepted.

"According to letters from Laguira, England will agree to assist Colombia in her pecuniary difficulties, but only on condition that Bolivar remains at the head of the Gov't.—*N. Y. Mer. Adv.*

FROM THE PACIFIC.—We have received a Guayaquil paper of the 16th of April, from which we learn that a complete revolution has taken place in that city, as we anticipated a few days since, without any bloodshed. That city, the first in Colombia to give even a partial sanction to the Bolivar Constitution, has been foremost in the counter-revolution. *Ib.*

LATEST FROM FRANCE.

The ship Cadmus, Capt. Allyn, brings Paris dates of the 2d and Havre of the 3d June. She left the latter place on the 3d. She does not bring any very important news.

The health of the Princess Regent of Portugal is still in a state of much uncertainty. The theatres remain closed, and the Journals make no allusion to her condition.

In Spain bands of Constitutionalists are throwing the provinces into great confusion, and the government into much alarm. It is supposed that the Duke of San Carlos will join the ministry. The King has, by decree, annihilated the Celadores reales, (the Spanish gendarmerie.)—Noah's Enq.

Extract of a private letter of the 17th May, from Madrid:—A report from Gen. Sarsfield, announces that 80 men of the 5th regiment of the line had deserted in the mass to Portugal, and having been overtaken at our frontiers by the royalist volunteers at Alcantara and the environs which had been sent after them, an action ensued, in which 16 volunteers were killed and a greater number wounded. After all, they were unable to prevent the deserters, who were 500 in number, escaping to Portugal. But it is not to Portugal alone that the deserters flee. On the contrary many of them proceed to the interior, where they form bands in favor of the constitution; already one consisting of 500 infantry and 40 horsemen has made its appearance at Monzon in Arragon; but the province which gives rise to most apprehension relative to constitutional bands is Andalusia, towards which more than 600 deserters have marched in small detachments since the beginning of the month.

DUEL!—We understand that an affair of honor, as it is termed, took place at Pawtucket yesterday morning, between a French gentleman of high respectability, who acts in an official capacity under the French government, and a Polonese, formerly a General in the French army during the revolution—the names of the individuals we cannot learn. It seems they came with their seconds and surgeons from Boston to Pawtucket on Tuesday evening, selected their ground upon the new Turnpike a short distance from the village, met at 4 o'clock in the morning, and at the first fire the Frenchman was shot through the fleshy part of both thighs. His antagonist, who was uninjured, saw him conveyed to Blake's tavern, where cordial forgivenesses were exchanged, and then took an abrupt leave of the State, having departed, it is said, in the New-York steam boat. The wounded gentleman is likely to do well, though by some his case is thought to be very dangerous. The affair was conducted with so much secrecy, that nothing was known of the intentions of the parties till the whole had terminated.—*Providence American.*

☞*Cumberland County Convention.*

The Democratic Republicans of the county of Cumberland, are requested to meet in convention, at BROWN'S Tavern, in *Gray*, on WEDNESDAY, the *first day of August next*, at *eleven* o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of selecting three candidates to represent this County in the Senate of this State, for the ensuing year, and to transact any other business which may be thought proper.

Each town is requested to send the same number of Delegates as they were entitled to in the Convention which framed the Constitution of this State.

By order of the County Committee.
July 12, 1827.

Died,

In the Almshouse, at Milton, Miss Hannah Harvey, aged 102 years.

In New-Braintree, Charles Borden, son of Mr. Samuel Borden, aged 8 years. Having been studying the lesson which he was expecting to recite in the Sabbath School on that day, he stepped to a cherry tree just by the house, from which he attempted to pluck a twig, about six feet from the ground. When in the act of reaching it, a limb, by which he held, broke—in consequence of which he fell upon a stub, which entered his back, and caused his death before the close of the day.

Drowned, at Beverly, Shubael Kelley, a lad about 13 years of age.—He probably got entangled in the Eel grass, while swimming.

In Plantation No. 4, Mrs. Maria Rowell, wife of Mr. David Rowell, aged 48. She was milking, and it is supposed the cow kicked, and knocked her off the stool, on which she was sitting, into a ditch about 18 inches deep, which broke her neck—she has left a husband and *fourteen* children.

In South Reading, Mrs. Abigail Chandler, widow of Mr. John Chandler, and daughter of the late Dr. John Hay, aged 55.

OBITUARY.

In the death of the Hon. WILLIAM BURLEIGH, Representative from York District in the Congress of the United States, the public have sustained a loss which cannot be easily repaired, and his family and friends a most afflicting deprivation. His dissolution appears to have been sudden and unexpected in the manner of it. On Saturday, he was seized with a profuse and rapid bleeding from the nose, which, operating upon a constitution already impaired by disease, terminated his earthly career on Sunday night last. Mr. Burleigh was a native of Meredith in the State of New Hampshire. He had received no other advantages of education than our primary schools and academies afford, but possessing a strong and vigorous intellect, he was among the number of those, who, relying upon the native force of their own minds, have been able to achieve the higher rewards of talent and virtue. He was a lawyer, and was fitted for his profession in the office of the Hon. *John Holmes.* After his admission to practice, he was not long in attaining a high rank among his learned and talented brethren of the bar. We have never witnessed any of his professional efforts, but have always understood that his addresses to the court and appeals to the jury were very powerful. He did not aim to be pathetic and to captivate the imagination and the passions, but exerted himself to convince the understanding by such a simple, clear and methodical arrangement of the facts, as irresistibly directed the judgment and left the mind flattered with its own acuteness and perspicuity. Although his infirm health precluded him from figuring so conspicuously in the national councils, as some others, yet his services have not been the less valuable and useful to his constituents, and that his worth was fully appreciated by them, is evinced by the overwhelming expression of their confidence in two re-elections. He was a kind and provident husband—a fond and indulgent father—a sincere, ardent and devoted friend—hospitable, generous and open hearted—high-minded and honorable in all his social and political feelings and pursuits. If there was any blemish to obscure the lustre of these qualities, it was his extreme manifestation of scorn and contempt for low cunning and groveling subterfuge, as alike subversive of the public and social weal. However this may have exposed him to the censure of those, who encountered it, yet so strong does it lean to the side of virtue, that his friends can scarcely remember it as a fault, while his enemies will not now recollect it with any bitterness. Called away in the midst of his years, at a period of life when men are capable of the most extensive usefulness, he has silenced the croakings of envy, broken the shaft of malignity and, passing the boundaries of time, has gone where we must all go to give up a final account before the searcher of Hearts, who seeth not as man seeth.—*Portland Patriot.*

Collector's Notice.—*Sweden.*

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of Land in the town of Sweden, County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that the following Lots of Land are taxed in the bills committed to me the subscriber, Collector for said town, for the year A. D. 1825.

	No. Division.	No. Lots.	No. Acres.	Value.	Tax.
				$	$ c.
	2	10	100	250	0 84
	2	34	30	40	0 13
	2	23	100	400	1 34
	5	9	100	100	0 34
Delinquency of	5	7	100	500	4 20
highways for the	5	9	100	100	0 84
year A. D. 1824,	2	23	100	400	3 46
	2	34	30	50	0 42
	3	126	100	150	1 26
School house tax in	2	10	100	250	2 78
District No. four	2	34	30	40	0 44
in said town,	2	16	100	300	3 33

If no person shall appear to discharge said taxes and all intervening charges on or before Saturday the first day of Deember next, at one o'clock P. M. so much of said Lots as will discharge the same, will be sold at Public Vendue, to the highest bidder, at the House of the subscriber, in Sweden.

CALVIN POWERS, } *Collector of Sweden for* 1825.

Sweden, June 18th, 1827. 157

SHERIFF'S SALE.

OXFORD, ss.

TAKEN by virtue of sundry Executions and will be sold at Public Vendue, on Monday the thirteenth day of August next, at three o'clock in the afternoon, at the house of John Hunt Inholder in Albany, all the Right in Equity which Charles Whittum has of redeeming a certain farm situated in Albany aforesaid, being the same farm with its appertenances that was conveyed by deed of Jeremiah Harriman to the said Charles Whittum and Moses C. Danforth, and since by the said Whittum mortgaged to the said Danforth (Dec. 28, 1825) conditioned for the payment of one hundred dollars in one year from that date.

WM. MORSE, Jr. *Dep. Sheff.*

Waterford, July 10, 1827. 158.

LOST, OR TAKEN,

FROM the Attorney's Bar, at the Court House in Paris, while the Supreme Court was in session, the last month, an OBLIGATION, signed by Samuel A. Bradley, Robert Bradley, and Robert Page, to myself; and which Obligation related to the subject for which an action of ejectment was brought (and tried at said term) by said Bradleys and Page, against myself.—As I have heretofore suffered in consequence of the *loss* of an important *deposition*, in an action pending in Court, and which was afterwards ascertained to have been taken from the Court House. I am the more solicitous that the above named obligation should be brought to light. I therefore offer a reward of *ten* dollars, to any one who will return said paper to me—or, if *purloined*, will furnish the necessary proof to convict the person who took it from the Bar of the Court House, as it may be of much consequence to me in the final adjustment of the subject between said Bradleys, Page, and myself.

JAMES W. RIPLEY.

Fryeburg, June 2, 1827. 6w 155

MEDICAL NOTICE.

ALL those Physicians of regular standing in the County of Oxford, and those in the County of Cumberland, who are desirous of uniting with them, in forming a branch of the Medical Society of Maine, are requested to meet at the house of Joshua Smith, Esq. in Norway Village, on Thursday the second day of August next, at ten o'clock A. M. It is hoped that a general attendance will be realized.

July 5. 1827. 3w 158

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in the Postoffice at Norway, Me. July 1*st*, 1827.

Ephraim Briggs,	Reuben Hill,
Nathan A Bradbury, M. D.	Almira Millett,
Simon Brown,	John Ordway,
Mary Bradbury,	Asa Pool,
Ephraim Crockett,	Benjamin Peabody,
William Cordwell,	Dorothy Seavy,
Peter Everett,	Joan Staples,
Benjamin Flint,	Jonathan Sawyer, *Otisfield*,
David Hamilton Gamble,	Anjier Tubbs.

Persons calling for the above letters will please mention they are advertised.

ASA BARTON, *Assistant P. M.*

Poetry.

TO THE MOTHER.

Nay, youthful mother, do not fly,
  Though pleasure lure and flatt'ry court thee;
Sooth thy sick infant's mourning cry,
  And wake the smile that must transport thee.

Life has no charm so deep, so dear,
  As that soft tie thou blindly leavest—
No love so constant and sincere
  As that which fills the heart thou grievest.

In all the bloom of beauty's pride—
  In all ambition's vainest splendor,
Ne'er was thy woman's heart supplied
  With bliss so pure, with joy so tender.

Canst thou forsake that joy so soon?
  Canst thou forget the lips that bless'd thee,
When bending o'er this precious boon,
  The father wept whilst he carees'd thee?

Is it for gauds of dress and dance
  Thou canst renounce a claim so holy,
To win the warm insulting glance,
  And woo the praise of idle folly?

Then go! a fair but fragile flower,
  A dazzling, heartless, careless beauty,
To risk thy fame—to lose thy power—
  That power which dwells alone with duty.

Go!—and thy bosom's lord offend,
  Consign thy suff'ring babe to sorrow—
Death, its kind nurse, its woes will end—
  Thy boy shall grace his arms to-morrow.

[FROM AN ENGLISH PAPER.]

An Epistle from the Man in the Moon, to the Spot in the Sun.

Oh brother of mine, what a plague is this earth,
  That we keep at so sovereign a distance;
I wish from my heart it had died in its birth,
  And saved our *alternate* assistance,

Some ages I've liv'd in this orb of our own
  In silent, unseen meditation,
Except when some earthly-born mooncalf or drone
  Has made an *acute* observation.

But now the thing's alter'd, no longer *incog.*
  I hope in our planet to travel;
Some pitiful earthlings with brains in a fog,
  My being have sworn to unravel.

These caitiff's have made a sweet isle of their own,
  By their *tunnels, docks, railroads,* and *steaming;*
Their *pawnbroking, mining,* and blasting for *stone,*
  Brickmaking and *company scheming.*

Their bubbles are burst, their schemes undermined,
  Their *railways* but *open* to *railing*;
Their *kites** flew so high they left *nothing* behind,
  But cord to hang *firms* that are *failing.*

On a *vapor* they skim o'er their oceans and streams,
  And swim through the air with a *bladder*†.
The next thing I guess will be working our *beams*
  Into *staves for a lunary ladder.*

For a rumor has reached us, they're hitherward bent
  To colonize all our dominions;
On my faith I believe all their *fools* will be sent,
  To give us *new lights* and *opinions.*

Some night as I wake to look round the old dome
  Where our world is so silently wheeling;
By Jove! I expect I shall see through the gloom,
  These *lunatics moon-wardly* stealing.

Oh help us good brother, petition the sun,
  To *frg* all these *fish* out of water:
If once they alight on our orb we're undone,
  By the powers of *bricks, gas, steam,* and *mortar!*

Already our *phases* hang wat'ry enough,
  We've enough too, of *failing* and shaking;
Apollo, pray scatter earth's *perilous stuff,*
  And save us a thorough *moon-raking.*

F.

* Shares, alias paper accommodations—et præterea nihil.

† Alias balloon.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A VIEW OF QUEBEC.

In the autumn of the year 1819, Professor Silliman, of Yale College, made an excursion from Hartford, Conn. to Quebec. A volume was soon after published in consequence of this tour, and the multifarious remarkable phenomena which is generally known to abound in the district of country to which this has refference, has given the book a character highly interesting and instructive. A view of Quebec from the Chaudiere, which is here presented, is one of the plates contained in the work, and was taken by an able artist who accompanied the professor. We have borrowed from the same, a part of the description, in order to explain the natural beauties of the scene, an indistinct idea of which may be gathered from the engraving:

"Arrived in the bay of Quebec, we found it swarming with ships, and presenting every appearance of a great seat of commerce. The bay is a beautiful piece of water, looking like a perfect lake, with most nobly formed swelling shores. The ground slopes with charming declivity to the water, around which it sweeps gracefully like a bow, and presents in a long circuit so many snow white cottages—handsome country houses and fine populous villages, that it seems for leagues, almost one continued street. The land is finely cultivated, and even now, is covered with the deepest verdure and sprinkled with dandelions in full bloom. Back of this fine amphitheatre of rural beauty, ranges of mountains, stretch their shaggy summits and limit the view. The harbor is one of the grandest imaginable, and the whole scene resembles extremely the pictures of the bay of Naples, to which it is said, by competent judges, to bear a strong resemblance.

"As we passed along the streets of the lower town, I could well have thought that we were in the Wapping of London. A swarming population, among whom sailors were conspicuous; the cheering heigho! of the latter, working in the ships; the various merchandize, crowded into view, in front of the shops and warehouses; the narrow compact streets, absolutely full of buildings; the rattling of innumerable carts and drays, and all the jargon of discordant voices and languages, would scarcely permit us to believe that we were in a *remote corner* of the civilized world.

"The first street of the lower town, along which we passed, came to an abrupt termination, the last house standing at the foot of the precipice, when, turning suddenly to the right, into a street, one of whose sides was overhung by the frowning rock, we soon came to a foot passage of stairs, made of plank, very steep and high, and furnished with iron railings; this passage terminated in Mountain street, as it is called, from the steepness of the ascent. It is the only passage from this side into the upper town, and it was by no means an easy task to ascend it, even on a good foot pavement.

"The impression of every thing was completely foreign from any thing that we see in the United States. Buildings of wood, and even of brick, are almost entirely unknown. Stone, either rough from the quarry, or covered with white cement, or hewn according to the taste and condition of the proprietor, is almost the only material for building; roofs, in many instances, and *generally* on the better sort of buildings, glittering with tin plate, with which they are neatly covered; and turrets and steeples, pouring a flood of light from the same substance: these are among the first things that strike the eyes of a stranger entering the city of Quebec.

"Indeed, Quebec and its environs, present as magnificent scenery as can well be amagined. Towers and spires—walls and rocks—cascades and precipices—swelling hills, and luxuriant valleys, and woody mountains—beautiful villages, and numberless solitary villas, and white cottages—with grand rivers, and crowding fleets, are all united to delight the spectator. Such scenes would be esteemed very fine in any country.

"During our whole ride from Point Levi, we had been gratified by a succession of fine views: the river—the opposite shores, precipitous in almost every direction—the heights of Abraham—Cape Diamond, and the upper and lower towns—the slopes of Beauport, and the heights of Montmorenci—the Isle of Orleans, and the bosom of the river—some of these features were constantly, either in prospect or in retrospect; and we saw many scenes which would have been well worthy of the pencil.

"Among these, one was selected, of which the annexed print is a representation.

"This scene, which we thought not to be exceeded in beauty by any thing that we saw in Canada, was sketched from the left bank of the Chaudiere river, at its mouth. Our road from Point Levi, conducted us to the foot of the precipice of rock, which is seen on the opposite side of the Chaudiere; and, while a larger boat was getting ready to convey our carriages and horses, Mr. W. had the good fortune to cross first, in a small boat, and occupied the few moments, before the rest of us arrived, in securing the outlines of this grand and beautiful prospect.

"It was seen by the mildest, softest light, of an Indian summer afternoon—not more than two hours before sun-setting; and there was a mellowness in the tints, especially of the remoter objects which, notwithstanding the grandeur of some of the features of the landscape, excited still stronger perceptions of beauty. These impressions were heightened by contrast, with the deep black gulph immediately below the observer, and a little to the right. This is the mouth of a very considerable river, the Chaudiere, which here, coming from the south-east, pours its black waters into the deep green St. Lawrence, and is so imprisoned, between very abrupt precipitous shores, principally of rock,* but overhung in part by forest, that, from the high bank where the view was taken, only a part of the river is seen. Some idea of the height of these banks will be gained, by comparison with the ships, which here lie securely anchored in the mouth of the Chaudiere; they are European ships, in quest of lumber, and appeared to be generally of between two and three hundred tons burthen.

"On the right, at the distance of six or seven miles, we see Point Levi; in the middle of the extreme distance, are the hills about Montmorenci, distant about twelve miles; on the smooth expanse of the river between, numberless ships are seen to repose, surrounded and tinged, by the peculiarly attempered light, of what I presume *painters* would call a perfect Claude Lorrain sky. On the left, is Quebec, with its citadel, built on Cape Diamond, and nearer, a glimpse of a part of the plains of Abraham, with some of the Martello Towers. The distance is about six miles, and the bearing nearly north-east by north; the distance by the road is nine miles.

"The Chaudiere is a river of considerable magnitude, but, owing to its numerous rapids, falls, and various obstructions, it is scarcely navigable, even for canoes. It rises from the Lake Megantic, near the American territory: its general width is from four hundred to six hundred yards, and its course is more than one hundred miles long. The banks are, in general, high, rocky, and steep, "the bed rugged, and much contracted by rocks, jutting from the sides, that occasion the violent rapids of the Bouchette."

* The rock on the opposite shore is extremely well characterized, *grey wacke*, (the grey wacke of Werner.)

GENERAL WASHINGTON.

His relative Geo. Washington Custis, Esq., has recently, in the news-papers, described his person in a more satisfactory manner, than it had been before done, to our knowledge. The physical, harmonized with the intellectual and moral being. In the prime of life, his height was six feet two inches; his average weight about two hundred and twenty pounds, and his whole person of the noblest mould: his limbs and features were admirably proportioned: the first, sinewy, agile, and well exercised; the latter truly Roman, and irrisistible in the majestic expression. No equestrian surpassed him in ease, skill, confidence, and bearing; in athletic sports and trials he could defy the swiftest and the strongest. All who have ever seen him, have felt the grandeur of his presence, and must know that it can scarcely be exaggerated. It was not properly stern nor stately; and yet it inspired of itself, peculiar awe.

It is related in the Life of Peyton Randolph, on the authority of the venerable *Charles Thompson*, that, on the meeting of the first general Congress at Philadelphia, on the 5th of September, 1774, upon the house having been summoned to prayers, and after the chaplain had commenced service, it was perceived that, of all the members present, George Washington was the only one who was upon his knees. This was characteristic. He was truly religious. and in every circumstance and relation, strictly moral and blameless. Of what other hero, or great commander, can so much be said? The character of antiquity, to which this description carries back the reader, is *Timoleon*, as he is immortalized in Plutarch and Cornelius Nepos. In Washington, the sense of duty always prevailed over whatever other feelings or considerations. When Greene, the object of his liveliest esteem and regard, was appointed to the command of the southern army, he wrote to the General-in-chief—

"I will prepare myself for the command as soon as I can, but as I have been upwards of five years in service, during all which time I have paid no attention to the settlement of my domestic concerns, I wish it were possible for me to spend a few hours at home before I set out for the southward—especially as it is wholly uncertain how long my command may continue, or what deaths or accidents may happen during my absence. It will not be possible for me to set out under five days from this place, (West Point) if I put my baggage and business under the least degree of regulation; nor is my health in a condition for me to set off immediately, having had a considerable fever upon me for several days; and if I should set out before Mrs. Greene's arrival, the disappointment, added to the shock of my going southward, I fear will have some disagreeable effect upon her health."

Washington replied to his favorite, in a letter dated two days after—

"I wish circumstances could be made to correspond to your wishes to spend a little time at home, previous to your setting out for the southward; but your presence with your command, as soon as possible, is *indispensable.* The embarkation at New-York sailed the 10th; in all probability destined to cooperate with Cornwallis, who, by the last advices, had advanced as far as Charleston. I hope to see you without delay, and that your health will be no obstacle to your commencing your journey."

Greene was fain to go. "Neither the fever that hung upon him"—says his biographer, Judge Johnson—"the hourly expected arrival of a beloved and long absent consort; the demands of his private concerns; nor, above all, the endearments of children whom he had never seen but once, detained him a day longer from his duty." He moved under the impulse of a more provident and strenuous spirit.

Colonel Benjamin Walker, one of Washington's aids-de-camp, had been long engaged to Miss Ledyard, a Quaker lady, of N. York, whom he afterwards married. Having been also long without seeing her, he asked the General leave of absence for a short time, to pay her a visit; but the public service did not permit this, and the General refused. Walker made pressing instances—urged all the arguments he could devise; yet all in vain. At length his pain of disappointment became excessive, and he exclaimed—"But, General, what *shall* I do?"—"Do?" answered the General, "why, write to her." "But, what shall I write?" "Tell her," rejoined Washington, "to add another leaf to the *Book of sufferings.*"—*Amer. Quarterly Review.*

Let those who would affect singularity with success, first determine to be very virtuous; and they will be sure to be very singular.—*Lacon*

To retort an injury is to be almost as bad as the aggressor; when two throw dirt against each other, can either keep clean?

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